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LOVE EPISTLE, IN VERSE.

Written at P A R I S,
K

By the Author of the MARRIAGE ACT, a Novel; Letters on

the ENGLISH NATION; LYDIA, &c. &c. &c. pt. of

First, Second, Third, & fourth Letters to

Non illum nostri possunt superare labores;
Nec si frigoribus mediis, Hebrumque bibamus,
Sitboniasque nives hyemis subeamus aquosæ;
Nec si, cum moriens alta liber aret in ulmo,
Æthiopum versemus oves sub sidere Cancri.
Omnia vincit amor: et nos cedamus amori.

people

VIRGIL.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. SCOTT, at the *Black Swan* in *Pater-noster-Row.*

M D C C L V I .

[Price One Shilling.]

Introduction

A E R I A

21.2.1.2.3. *Scutellaria*

to the Author of the Marriage-Plot. — The Author of the
"Globe" has kindly given me his address.

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И О Д Й О Л



[Serial 2200017]


TO the first Edition of this Epistle there was prefixed
a Letter, signed *M--r--v--x*, addressed to the Right
Honourable *R-----T-----*, Esq; both which Persons
were imaginary, as well as the Letter. It was intended only
to create a Belief, that these Verses had been found in the Cell
of an *Irish Carthusian* after his Death; and to give the greater
Air of Verisimilitude to the Poem, as the Author imagines
himself at the Time of Writing it secluded from the World in
a Monastery of that Order.

The Reception which it has had from the Public, makes
that Letter needless at present, encourages the Writer to give
a second Edition, and own the Production.



bound in one of the best English leather. It is
now in the hands of Mr. J. C. H. Smith, who
is a well known bookseller in New York.
The business was at first carried on by Mr. J. C. H.
Smith, who had a good deal of capital, but he
died in 1852, and his widow has since
continued it. The firm now consists of
Mr. J. C. H. Smith, Mr. W. H. Smith, and
Mr. J. C. H. Smith, Jr. The business
is now very large, and is conducted
in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and
other cities.

The Second Edition, and our the Third Edition,
are better received in America, especially the
Second Edition, which is more popular.



A

LOVE EPISTLE.



HERE thro' its Banks the *Seine* in Eddies flies,
Where *Paris* lifts her Turrets to the Skies;
Where the gay Minutes lightly trip along,
In Love, Mirth, Music, Dalliance, Dance, and
Where dimpled Smiles bespeak the easy Heart,
And Sorrow knows no Anguish to impart;
Why flows the slow involuntary Tear?
Why feels my Soul the Tokens of Despair?
Yes, yes, I love: A hapless Flame that glows,
And only burns, to light me to my Woes.

How

Canto

How blest was I ! how pleasing past my Days !

Friends, Study, Trifling, Exercise, and Ease !

..... my Friend, whose Genius, and whose Art,
To Science joins each Virtue of the Heart ;
I laugh'd secure at all the fighing Train ;
And mock'd, an Infidel, each Lover's Pain :
The Wit, the Charms, which Female Pow'rs impart,
Whirl'd in a Vortex round my untouched Heart.
At length arriv'd the dire pernicious Day,
Which snatch'd, relentless, all my Blis away.

Tw
Twas on that well-known Day my Woes begun,
When Heav'n vouchsaf'd to Bourbon's Wish a Son :
Then to my Hands the fatal Scroll convey'd,
Gave to my Charge the dear destructive Maid.

" If Beauty, Sense, if Excellence, be dear,
" The lovely Bearer claims thy utmost Care :
" Unknown, unknowing ; Stranger in the Land ;
" Give thy Advice, and thy conducting Hand ;"
It said. Oh happy had I giv'n no more !
I had not liv'd this Being to deplore.

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Curs'd be th' ill-omen'd Hour that Letter came !
And curs'd, for ever, Friendship's sacred Name !
Friendship, best Blessing Heav'n on Man bestows,
Comes fraught to me with universal Woes.

You came, I saw, I listen'd, and approv'd,
Felt new Concern ; yet knew not that I lov'd,
That soft Desire, tho' not unknown before,
Slept in my Breast ; remembred now no more.
Thy fair Idea all my Bosom fill'd :
I drank the Poison which thy Lips distill'd.
At length each Action spoke my Fate too plain :
I gaz'd ; I lov'd ; yet knew I lov'd in vain.
O State deplorable ! O dire Distress !
Exil'd, to view forbidden Happiness !

Tell me, ye Sages, tell me, if ye know,
From what strange Source does this Sensation flow ?
Is it from Unison this Passion springs,
Like sweet Accord, from sympathizing Strings ?

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Or do congenial Souls, attractive drawn,
 The passive Laws of lifeless Matter own ?
 Ah ! what avails the Reason to explain ?
 You cannot cure, and I implore in vain.

Oft as I pass'd the Bed of Sickness by,
 Where fainting Nature clos'd th' extinguish'd Eye,
 Down my wan Check Compassion stol'd a Tear,
 The heaving Breast bespoke the rising Pray'r.
 Alas, my Soul ! how alter'd are thou grown !
 I envy now but those who die alone,
 Go, happy Wretch ! I cry ; thy Sorrows cease :
 Ah when, alas ! ah when, shall I have Peace ?
 Of Hope bereft, that gilds our clouded Days,
 I long to yield : Life, Life, is my Disease.

Come, Reason, come ; thy kind Assistance lend :
 Tell me I'm Father, Husband, Son, and Friend :
 Full to my Soul each Duty be express'd,
 And drive this guilty Passion from my Breast.

She comes ! she comes ! the dire Delirium flies :
 I feel the Joys of Liberty arise.
 No more a Slave, my Heart recalls its Ease,
 Calm as the Infant's Sleep, or haleyon Seas.
 When Chance directs some Trifle to my Eyes,
 Which Love had stole to nurture Grief in Sighs ;
 With this ---- lovely Form returns ;
 Again Love's Fire with all its Fury burns.
 To thy Idea each dear Tie gives way,
 Like Ghosts that vanish at approaching Day :
 Sire, Husband, Reason, you too plainly prove,
 How vain your Efforts, when ye combat Love.

Haste, haste, dear Woman ; snatch me to thy Arms :
 Thy Husband calls ; come vindicate thy Charms :
 Thy Faith, thy Fondness, to my Soul impart ;
 Reclaim that vagrant Fugitive, my Heart.
 I feel thy Pow'rs, thy Beauty I avow ;
 Oh seize the happy Instant ! seize me now !

For oh! believe I weep ; whilst yet I prove,
Reason has Minutes, but whole Ages Love,

No, fly ; in Mercy fly : I cannot bear
The Sigh half-chiding, half-upbraiding Tear :
Each tender Look, thy Truth, thy fond Embrace,
Shall call Confusion in this conscious Face ;

Each Female Charm of Mother, Wife, and Friend,
('Tis Virtue's Fate) the guilty Mind offend.

Yet didst thou know what Pangs this Passion cost,
Me thou wouldst pity, tho' for thee 'twas lost.
I own my Crime, and yet renounce my Cure ;
I curse my Chains, yet willingly endure :

Sure the worst Pang the suff'ring Soul can prove,
Is Virtue struggling with unlawful Love.

Then seize me all, or totally resign ;
Let me be, Virtue, or be, Passion, thine.

Dumb as the unstrung Lute my Lips remain'd :
My Heart was bleeding ; yet I ne'er complain'd :

I fear'd

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I fear'd too much thy Virtue to offend :
 To speak the Lover, I might lose the Friend :
 That last sweet Boon I yet had Hopes to prove,
 And win thy Friendship, tho' deny'd thy Love.

But ah ! a Lover's fixt Designs how weak !
 Will Passion hear, if Prudence learns to speak ?
 Ten thousand Doubts the love-sick Mind involve,
 And each new Minute brings a new Resolve.

'Twas at *St. Cloud*; the Moon, in full Serene,
 With milder Beauties deck'd the shadowy Scene :
 Still was the Wind ; a soothing Silence reign'd ;
 Not ev'ning *Philomel* of Love complain'd :
 From Grove to Grove, from Bow'r to Bow'r, we stray'd :
 My happy Arm sustain'd thee, lovely Maid !
 There hid in Shades, less timid by Recess,
 No more my Vows my feeble Pow'rs suppress :
 Forth from my Bosom burst the urgent Sigh ;
 The ready Drop stood trembling in my Eye :

Too

Too lovely Fair ! I cry'd ; and closely prest
 Thy lily Hand, in Rapture, to my Breast ;
 In what soft Language shall my Tongue reveal,
 Or how the Anguish of my Soul conceal ;
 Without Offence declare how much I love ;
 Or hope ---- can my Vows approve ?
 Yet if thy Breast a Ray of Mercy warms,
 Oh pity one made wretched by thy Charms !
 That I may ask, unblam'd by Heav'n or you ;
 That you may give, and Heav'n the Gift avow.

No more, you said ; no farther urge your Pray'r :
 What Virtue speaks not, know I cannot hear :
 The Boon you ask each prudent Maid denies :
 Pity for Man is Love but in Disguise :
 Another She does all your Wows demand ;
 There give your Heart, where Fate has giv'n your Hand.

Dumb as the Statues round, unmov'd I stood ;
 My Heart forgot to urge its frozen Blood :

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At length, with Life, returning Vigour came :
 'Gainst Heav'n itself I impiously blaspheme :
 Thou shouldst have made, I cry'd, in my Despair,
 That lovely Maid less cruel, or less fair :
 Perish all Laws, which Love's sweet Pow'r controul !
 And perish Virtue, Tyrant o'er the Soul !
 Mistaken Good ! delusive Bliss ! you flow
 From Stoic Hearts, which never learnt to glow.
 Ope, ope your Bosom, take me, Parent Earth ;
 Receive a Son, unhappy from his Birth :
 Quick with your Dust my ill-doom'd Atoms blend ;
 Then, only then, my Sorrows shall have End.

With that, I threw my Bosom to the Ground ;
 Each Statue wept — the Breeze sigh'd sad around :
 The pitying Trees my Doom in trembling view :
 Rocks, Winds, and Woods, felt more Concern than you :
 Obdurate Maid ! my Passion when you blame,
 You injure Heav'n, from whence your Beauty came.

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At last you coldly said, No more offend :
 Speak not of Love, and I may be your Friend.
 Small was the Boon, the Comfort, which you gave :
 The smallest Hope a Lover's Life can save.
 Once more my Eyes in Rapture ran you o'er :
 I love that Virtue, which I curs'd before.
 Again beneath thy freezing Beams I glow,
 Like burning *Hecla*, wrapt in *Iceland* Snow.

At length the Hour, the dreaded Hour, drew near :
 I mark'd each flying Minute with a Tear,
 When I no more thy charming Face must view,
 Nor hear thy Voice ----- A long and last Adieu.
 I strove to speak ; but strove, alas ! in vain :
 Grief, Sighs, and Tears, the rising Words detain :
 Ah pity ! pity ! --- I no more could say :
 Swift as a Comet thou wert swept away ;
 As bright, as baneful, and as short thy Stay.
 My Eyes pursu'd thee till the View was lost :
 My Soul pursues thee, wheresoe'er thou go'ft :

But ah! what Lips, what Language, can express
 The Pangs, the Agonies, of my Distress?
 I beat that Breast where thy Idea lies;
 And curst the Hour which gave thee to my Eyes:
 The feeble Pow'rs of frail Mankind I curst:
 That easy yielding Slave, my Heart, the first.

She's gone! she's gone! Whole Oceans roll between,
 And Mountains rise, and Kingdoms intervene.
 Ah! did but Space our beating Breasts divide,
 No Seas should sever, no Recesses hide;
 Nor Dread, nor Danger, hold me from thy Charms:
 I'd search whole Worlds to clasp thee in these Arms.

Say, what Delusion shall my Soul pursue?
 How free my Breast from Anguish, Love, and You?
 From Music's Pow'r in vain I seek Relief:
 No Sounds can touch a Heart so lost in Grief;
 Unless some Notes, that sweetly sad complain,
 Indulge my Sorrows, and augment my Pain.

Once more to Demes and Palaces I haste ;
 Where, blest with Thee, the Hours too swiftly pass'd :
 Chang'd is each Object, chang'd each Sense : No more
 I find those Beauties so enjoy'd before.
 Each Pow'r to charm with You forsook each Place :
 Thy Presence gave each dear Delight its Grace.
 Cold to my Eyes the Titian Tints appear :
 Lost is the Raphael Grace, and Guido Air,
 I taste no Charms the Pencil can bestow ;
 To all Sensation dead, but Love and Woe.

I weep, in Magdalene, with fair Valliere * ;
 What different Motives prompt the gushing Tear ?
 No Sins I wail ; no Lover I resign :
 I only mourn because thou art not mine.

* Mademoiselle Valliere was Mistress to Lewis the XIVth, with whom she lived some time : But, being naturally inclined to Devotion, she grew tired of that Situation ; renounced the Pomp and Splendor of Courts, the Music of Flattery, the Charms of Power ; and retired to the Convent of the Carmelites in Paris. Her Picture, drawn by Le Brun, in the Idea of a Magdalene, and which is one of the best he ever painted, is in a Chapel of the Church of this Convent : And this is what gave rise to the above Thought in the Poem.

Or if some Portrait of superior Grace
 Speaks, but too faintly speaks, thy well-known Face ;
 There, fixt attentive, Ages I could stay,
 And gaze, and gaze, my very Soul away.

With *Venus'* Statue I thy Form compare ;
 Thy Grace, thy Sweetness, Feature, Shape, and Air :
 And, where those Eyes must never hope to rove,
 Each Limb conceal'd is well supply'd by Love.
 Standard of Beauty thou henceforth shalt be ;
 And Woman charm, as she resembles thee.

Once, as I wander'd at a dreary Hour,
 Where *Gallia's* Monarchs lose at last their Pow'r * ;
 Where vain Inscription, and the mould'ring Dust,
 Tell you that Kings, like Beggars, are but Dust ;
 Where the dim Lamp wakes round the silent Dead,
 And Gleams more sad than Midnight Horror shed ;

* At *St. Denis*, where the Kings of *France* are buried.

There, full indulging to my Sorrow's Tide,
 With pale-ey'd Melancholy all my Guide ;
 Dead was Ambition, quench'd the Poet's Fire ;
 Unmov'd by all but Thee, and soft Desire ;
 From Isle to Isle, from Shrine to Shrine, I stray'd :
 I call'd aloud — cruel Maid !
 Come, view that Man, to feign who never knew :
 Come, shed one Tear for him that dies for you.
 Why knows my Soul no other Joy than thine ?
 Why bleeds thy Breast for ev'ry Woe but mine ?
 Why, bounteous as the Providence of God,
 Exclude me only from that blest Abode ?
 For Love like mine, eternal, chaste, and pure,
 Which Saints might cherish, Vestal Maids endure,
 Learn 'tis a Crime not one Return t' impart :
 I ask but Friendship for a bleeding Heart.
 Here once you vow'd that Friendship to bestow :
 Ev'n Thou art Woman, and forget' st thy Vow.
 No ; I belye my Soul, myself deceive :
 I covet all the Passion Love can give.

Then

Then on the Tomb with Marble Kings I lay ;
 Scarce more alive, and scarce less cold, than they.
 One Joy remain'd, that, all my Sorrows past,
 The coming Minute was to prove my last.
 Clos'd were my Eyes, with Weariness oppress'd ;
 My Soul was flatter'd with eternal Rest ;
 When to my View there stood, or seem'd to stand,
 (Her Veil was lifted by her lily Hand)
 A Vestal Maid, in Robes of purest White :
 Around her Forehead beam'd a radiant Light :
 Benign her Mien ; persuasive was her Air :
 Her Look was thine ; but ah ! much less severe :
 The sacred Fire shot lambent from her Eyes :
 She smil'd, and said, Arise, my Son ! arise !
 Forego thy Passion ; fly those fatal Charms :
 The Maid thou lov'st is doom'd to other Arms.
 Some Man, perhaps, of all thy Wish possess'd,
 Shall nod supine, unknowing how he's bless'd :
 For sure, if Heav'n allow'd a guilty Flame,
 Thy Love is such, as Heav'n itself can't blame.

Then since no Pow'rs can broken Faith restore; no m^t
 And thou return'st to ~~the~~ Arms no more; gone oblige
 Renounce the World; renounce this frail Desire;
 Bid thy Breast glow with pure ethereal Fire;
 Let Bliss eternal all thy Thoughts employ;
 And drown this Folly in a Flood of Joy.

I fly, I fly, where pure Religion dwells; I saw He^r V^ell w^r
 Take me, chaste *Bruno**; to thy sacred Cells; I saw M^{is}le V A
 There Ease, at last, a wounded Heart may find; A
 Securely hid from fatal Womankind. D^ep^leg^r M^{is}in^r
 My Life to Pray'r, to Penance, I resign; H^ere P^ook^r E^lle^r i^m g^o
 The Love of Thee t' erase by Love divine; T^ele f^orc^e E^lle^r i^m g^o
 In vain, in vain: For You flows ev'ry Tear; S^epe l^ump^r
 Thy Bliss gives Fervor to each offer'd Pray'r; I v^d ogo^r i^m g^o
 Forgot myself, my Crimes, why I retire; I d^oth b^s M^{is}le^r o^m
 Still burns my Besom with unhallow'd Fire; S^ome M^{is}le^r o^m
 Shut from thy Sight in vain, within the Cell; G^ell b^s Hⁱ i^m g^o
 Thy Image follows, and thy Beauties dwell,

* St. Bruno was Founder of the Carthusian Order.

By Walls unpitying tho' my Dust's confin'd ;
 Yet thro' all Nature roams th' unfetter'd Mind :
 Tho' vow'd Repentance bend the Midnight Knee,
 My Soul rebels, and flies her God for Thee.
 Saint of those Shrines, thy sinking Son sustain !
 I feel I'm human ; and that Vows are vain.
 Or if some purer Flame my Soul invade,
 And Paradise in Rapture is display'd ;
 Each Saint invok'd, each Cherub's Form is shine ;
 And ev'ry Angel takes thy Face divine :
 Ev'n Love of God, that perfect, pure, Should be,
 Is too much blended with the Love of Thee.]

R I V I A

Adieu ! dear Maid ! ev'n Thee I now resign :
 May Peace at last, and calm Content, be mine !
 Tho' many a Pang my faithful Breast must bear,
 Thy deep-wrought Image from my Heart to tear.
 This the last Letter Love shall e'er indite ;
 This the last Verse my trembling Hand shall write.

The last Request is this I e'er can make,
 Sure 'tis no Grime, for me, for Lovers' sake:
 Oft as the circling Sun shall annual rise,
 Which gave thy fatal Beauty to my Eyes;
 To that one Day indulge one tender Tear:
 For my Repose devote a single Pray'r.
 May all your Hours, but those, distinguished shine!
 Health! Plenty! Peace! Friends! Happiness! be thine!
 Some chosen Man, of Heav'n's peculiar Care,
 Who loves like me, and perfect as thou'rt fair!
 No Woe, no Sorrow, on thy Face be seen;
 And I forgot, as tho' I ne'er had been.

F I N I S.

